



# The Numbers



8 0 1

## Chapter 1 by Greenie Gaming

There are places where normal people go, like the the parks, or the beach. There are places where the lonely, strange people go, like dark alleys, or under a bridge. That's where you'll find me, along with the other losers here. I walk silently, trying not to look at anyone. I try not to look anyone in the face because, well...well I see peoples death dates. I know, I know, that sound absolutely insane, but it's true. Ever since I was 4, I started seeing them. Suddenly my mind is back in reality. I look up, and there he is. That annoying Spat. Yeah that's his name, Spat.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 12

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account



See more of Story Wars

Login

 or 

Create new account